

## Billy Eckstine

### "Where Or When?"

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#### PRELUDE TO A KISS

If you hear a song in blue  
Like a flower crying for the dew,  
That was my heart serenading you,  
My prelude to a kiss.

If you hear a song that grows  
From my tender sentimental woes,  
That was my heart trying to compose  
A prelude to a kiss.

Bridge:

Though it's just a simple melody  
With nothing fancy nothing much,  
You could turn it to a symphony  
A Shubert tune with a Gershwin touch.

Oh how my love song gently cries  
For the tenderness within your eyes;  
My love is a prelude that never dies,  
A prelude to a kiss.

Bridge:

Though it's just a simple melody  
With nothing fancy nothing much,  
You could turn it to a symphony  
A Shubert tune with a Gershwin touch.

Oh how my love song so gently cries  
For the tenderness within your eyes;  
My love is a prelude that never dies,  
A prelude to a kiss.

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